

THE KING'S ROSE DIAMOND.

BY GEORGE GRIFFITH.

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Day by day, stone by stone, the parcel had increased, and every one of the splendid collection of gems represented not only so many pounds sterling in hard cash, when once successfully translated from the Kimberly compound and sorting houses to the outside world, but also many moments of desperate yet deliciously hidden excitement, during which the neckle of fate had swung to and fro between two poles of fortune and ruin.

Some men in Frank Ridley's position would have been content with the stones out one by one, or employed Kaffir to take them from him after they had been searched, and pass them direct to one of the illicit dealers outside, but that was not his way. He had no other confidence than his own conscience, not always an approving one, but at any rate one that would not give him away.

To have taken the stones out one by one would have multiplied the risk of discovery and ruin by the number of them, for the possession of a single illicit diamond would have meant disgrace and penal servitude, just as certainly as would the discovery on his person of the whole £20,000 or £30,000 worth of gems—the very pick of the Kimberly mine output for nearly six months past.

So one afternoon he made up his mind that he had tempted the fates far enough, and at that evening he walked off to his lodgings with his heart in his mouth, and a fortune in the lining of his somewhat shabby felt waistcoat.

That night, albeit with some little fear and tremble, he permitted himself the luxury of a few minutes' examination of his plunder in bulk, and an estimate of its value—not to him, but to the more fortunate man who should succeed in getting the parcel through safely to London or Amsterdam. If he could only do that himself he would never need to do another day's work in the world—but he was an employee, a clerk, and therefore a marked man, and the secret ramifications of the wonderful system which inclosed him and all like him as in a net were many and wide.

That risk was too great, considering that he could now make £4,000 or £5,000 in an hour or so, and at the same time transfer all his risk and liability to some one else, and go back to his work with a light heart and in a certain sense, a clear conscience.

Yet there was one magnificent rose diamond, which must have weighed somewhere between 40 and 50 carats, which he would dearly have loved to see nicely cut and polished, and glittering on the neck or in the hair of a certain well-loved one far away in old Carlisle; but he knew well enough that there was not another of its size and color in the world. The nearest to it was in the De Beers collection, and the mere possession of it by anyone but a monarch or a millionaire would mean just what his own possession of it meant, so there was no use thinking about that.

With something very like a sigh for the unattainable possibilities of his so far successful theft, he tied up the gems in a bit of dirty rag, and stuffed this into the toe of a rather dilapidated Wellington boot. Then he had a wash and a change, and went for a walk down town.

On his way along Stockdale street he chanced to meet a well-dressed, dapper-looking little man, who added to him as one might do to a casual acquaintance, and said, in a quick, chirpy sort of tone:

"How do, Ridley, going strong, eh?" "Pretty well," Mr. Muratti, he replied, with a quick look up and down the street. "Returns are looking up again. We've had some very pretty finds the last day or two."

"Oh, glad to hear it, even from a man who wastes his opportunities as idly as you do. Anything particularly choice?"

"Well, yes. Are you doing anything in second-hand boots just now, Mr. Muratti?"

It may have been conveniently explained that the gentleman with whom young Ridley had thus fallen into conversation was, in those days, known in the underworld as Mickey Muratti. The wider world knows him now as Michael Muratti, Esq., M. L. A., and director of many important financial undertakings. But in those days he was just an extremely clever man, a Jew of reputed Florentine ancestry, but more recent and authentic east end extraction, who had made his debut in Kimberley as a dealer in cheap jewelry and stop-made watches—after having wandered about picking up a living by the display of his jangling abilities—and who was now looked upon as one of the smartest and most successful "operators" on the diamond fields.

Inspector Lipinski and some of his more trusted subordinates cherished certain suspicions as to the scope of his operations, but so far his dealings had been blameless, at least so far as tangible evidence was concerned, added to the fact that he had recently married a very pretty and exceedingly clever wife, who went about much on the fields in those days.

Mr. Muratti did not seem in the least annoyed by the apparent reference to his second-hand boots just now, Mr. Muratti.

"Now, Lipinski's no fool, and neither is Fox nor Lowe, nor any other of them. What do I want talking to Ridley for, just after he's come out of the sorting room? What do I want to meet him again the same night at a boot store and bring a pair of his boots home by mistake for me?"

"I tell you, Josey, these chaps know as well as I do that I took a parcel of stones from Ridley tonight, and before long Lipinski will be here with a search warrant to look for them. Now, if he doesn't find any, he'll reckon that I've planted 'em, and I'm going to run 'em as you say. That means that we shall be watched, and that every one belonging to me will be stopped and searched, and so the Missis'll have about as much chance of getting those stones down to Capetown and on to the steamer as I would."

"What do you plan works out. They know I've got stones from Ridley, but they don't know what stones—see? They come here with their warrants, and search us, and find this other little lot on my coat, and jump to the conclusion that they're the right ones, and that I've just given 'em to you. But there's no proof of that, and

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his former comparatively humble means of livelihood. On the contrary, he looked up with a quick glance at Ridley and said, with a smile of pleasant anticipation:

"Well, I haven't done anything in the old clo' line for some time now, but I know I am always on for a trade. What's the figure?"

"Ten thousand."

"I'll see you—I mean I'd like to see the goods first before I say anything to that. It's a big price for a pair of second-hand boots, you know, Mr. Ridley. Still, I'm glad to see that you're beginning to rise to a proper sense of your opportunities. When can I see the boots?"

"I was thinking of taking them down to Tooley's tomorrow about this time to have them sold and heeled."

"So you're on to that lay, are you? Well, you're not such a blighted idiot as I thought you were, Ridley; so I apologize. I shall be sending to Tooley's myself—look here, if we mean business, what's the good of wasting time like that? Go, and get your boots, now, and take them to Tooley's. He isn't shut, and he's got a pair of mine to mend later on. Meanwhile Mr. Frank Muratti's valuation of the boots was so far satisfactory that about two hours later Frank Ridley went home with a check for £2,500 and an I O U for a like amount in his pocket, and a pair of another man's boots under his arm, neatly wrapped up in a copy of the Diamond Fields Independent. The check was on Lloyd's bank, London, and was made payable, not to Frank Ridley, but to Miss Alice Ransome. The I O U was personal, but both went to England by the next mail.

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they can't get one, for you'll play the funk, own up, and swear you bought 'em from a Kaffir, while I do the indignant virtuoso lay."

"You needn't be afraid of Ridley. They don't want him yet. They'll wait for him, and nab him when convenient. It's more pleasant. De Beers would give a good bit just now to plant me on the breakfast for a few years while they put this amalgamation business through. That's where my game comes in. This parcel should pan out at \$30,000 at the very least, and that's just what I want to fight these amalgamators on their own ground."

"If I not nabbed, the whole game would be up; but if you go for me, Josey, I'll make my fortune and yours, too, my pippin. Muratti will go flying up sky high, and it won't be a matter of thousands to him, then, Josey. I'll be millions, my boy, millions, and you shall have your share when you come out; never fear."

"You know, if you were left to yourself, Josey, you'd never make a thousand in a century of blue moons, let alone ten thousand in three years, or so. Come now, what do you say? You'll have to look sharp, for they may be here any minute—ah, yes, I thought so; there's the official knock. Now, don't act the goat, and fly in the face of good fortune. Here's the goivans. That's it. In your waistcoat pocket. Now button your coat. That'll do."

"Well, gentlemen, good evening. What can I do for you this evening, if it isn't morning already?"

"You can have over that parcel of diamonds you got from Frank Ridley tonight, Mr. Muratti, and then you can come with us," replied Inspector Lipinski, politely, but still a trifle stiffly.

"I've a search warrant here, but you'll save us a lot of trouble and yourself and household a lot of inconvenience by passing over the stones at once. We know they're in the house."

"Then, you know a mighty lot more about my house than I do myself, Mr. Lipinski, snapped the little man, somewhat viciously. "There are no diamonds here but what are my own lawful property, and they're all cut stones, so I'm afraid I can't give you what you come for. But, of course, if you've got a warrant, you can act on it—though it's a piece of most unwarrantable tyranny. And this, in your staid police coat, and with a British colony too. Why don't they call it a penal settlement and have done with it? I ask my wife to get up and come down."

"I hope there'll be no necessity for Josey's pocket, and he played the tyrant smart. But now, gentlemen, we must get to work, please. It isn't pleasant for any of us, I know, but it's our duty and it must be done."

The formality resulted exactly as the astute Mickey had predicted it would. The three men went to the front door, and the astute Mickey had predicted it would. The three men went to the front door, and the astute Mickey had predicted it would.

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PRIZE BABES.

The Kind of Children Every Mother Wants to Have.

Every mother should know that when the tiny hands are hot, the head throbbing, and the little heart skipping, there is danger to the child. A few doses of Manyn's, and the quick breathing stops the hands become cool, the restlessness passes away, and the child is as well as the mother.

What a relief for the mother, and how well the child! If you have a child who is restless, or who has a fever, or who is sick, or who is in pain, or who is in any way uncomfortable, give him a few doses of Manyn's. It will cure him, and it will save you a great deal of trouble and expense.

Manyn's is a remedy for all the common ailments of children. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy, and it is the only one of its kind. It is the only remedy that will cure a child of a fever, or of a cold, or of a cough, or of a sore throat, or of a headache, or of a stomach ache, or of a pain in the back, or of a pain in the chest, or of a pain in the joints, or of a pain in the muscles, or of a pain in the nerves, or of a pain in the brain, or of a pain in the heart, or of a pain in the lungs, or of a pain in the liver, or of a pain in the stomach, or of a pain in the intestines, or of a pain in the bladder, or of a pain in the uterus, or of a pain in the ovaries, or of a pain in the vagina, or of a pain in the anus, or of a pain in the rectum, or of a pain in the sigmoid, or of a pain in the colon, or of a pain in the small intestine, or of a pain in the large intestine, or of a pain in the appendix, or of a pain in the gallbladder, or of a pain in the pancreas, or of a pain in the spleen, or of a pain in the liver, or of a pain in the stomach, or of a pain in the intestines, or of a pain in the bladder, or of a 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